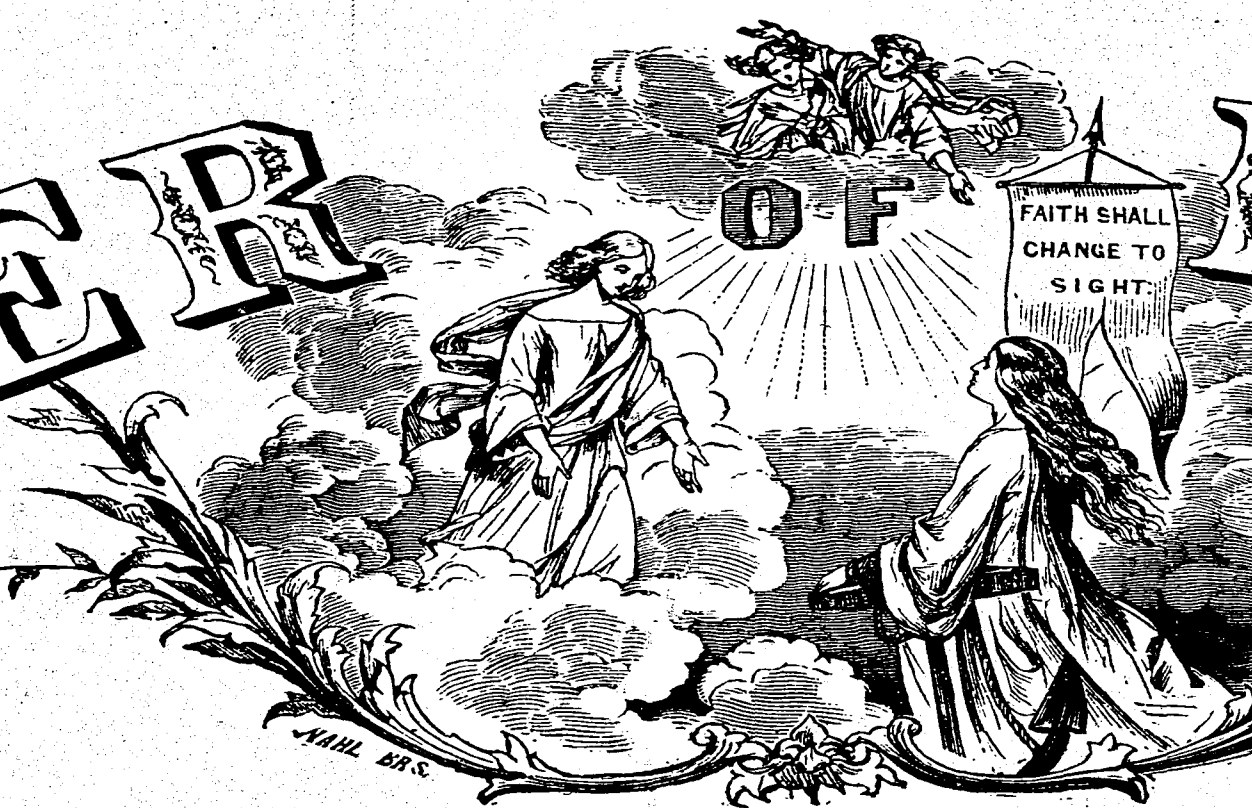


BANNER



PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

NO. 19.

LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress. WOMAN.

Keenly to be alive to charms
No power within us can control;
To lose the substance from the arms,
Yet keep the shadow in the soul—
This is to be a woman.

To smile, even while the breathing stops,
And rattle in the muttered sigh;
To feel the heart its last red drops
Force to the cheek, to help it lie—
This is to be a woman.

The blessing taken from our hands
By thankless men, to count as wealth;
To write our love upon the sands
Where the great sea doth cool himself—
This is to be a woman.

To have what's best of us decanted,
The good God gave us disallowed,
Till death comes piteously to hide
Our unloved faces in the shroud—
This is to be a woman.

A. JEAN.

A Tryst of Shadow-Land.

[The following remarkable and romantic dream has, at least, the merit of being simply and literally true, and is given just as it was taken from the lips of the dreamer himself, a young man of unquestionable integrity as well as fine intellect. He is now living in actual fulfillment of all the essential particulars, so remarkably shadowed forth. And does it not also represent something of the great upheaval of the age, and the profound conflict, out of which the harmonious era is to be evolved?—F. G. McDUGALL.]

The Dream.

In the year 1843, while in Preston, Ontario Co., New York, the following dream occurred:

A year or two previous, I had begun to free myself from the thralldom of the Baptist Church, by commencing within myself a process of reasoning, and carrying out my suggestions in practice. It was certain that all sects, differing widely as they did in many important points, could not be right in the highest sense; how, then, could I believe that the small group, to which I belonged, enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of good? Then why not hear others, and at least find what they had to say for themselves? In short, I had begun to question more and more deeply, but as yet no answer came. I cut loose from the thrall of the church service, and went freely among other sects, listening, as I had opportunity, to what might be said on every hand. I began to see much that was irrational, not to say immoral and dangerous to the true interest of the soul, in most of the popular doctrines. The monstrous and deformed selfishness, and the tyrannical, gross, and brutal spirit of sectarianism, that were so carefully veiled in the churches, began to be stripped of their false trappings, and to reveal their hideous wickedness and deformity. Feeling that I could never attain the full stature of the Spiritual Man under such influences, I left the Church, and was seeking for good as an individual and self-responsible being. When the dream occurred, I had been exercised in this way for nearly two years.

I was sleeping alone, but dreamed that there was a young man in bed with me. We were at a public house, as I dreamed, and in the night were awakened by screams and a great noise outside. I rose and looked out of the window, when I beheld in the distance a most terrible scene, like a prairie on fire. The rolling waves, red and glaring, advanced, spreading far and wide, and lighting the country for miles around with the lurid blaze.

As soon as the young man in bed with me beheld the danger, he proposed that we should wrap ourselves up in wet blankets. I told him that would be of no use, and urged him, as the only means of safety, to go out at once, and meet the danger manfully. He shrunk from this, and, the last I saw of him, he lay enveloped in the wet blankets with which he had clothed himself. I threw on my clothes as quickly as possible, and hurried into the street. On the corner a large crowd of men, women, and children were gathered together. Some were seeking to escape by running over the hill, but before they reached the summit, the rolling eyes of the Fire-Fiend stared them in the face. Others were kneeling with an attempt to pray; while others still were weeping and wringing their hands, with cries and shrieks, and the most piteous moans.

I told them to stop and try to help themselves in some other way, that prayers would not arrest the fire—it was coming, and we must try to stop it—or at the least meet it with resolution. But they were overwhelmed with the terrible anguish of their fears. I tried to encourage them, telling them to stand up and meet the foe, but in vain.

Higher and higher rose the flames, until the sky was reddened with their light. Nearer and nearer swept the flood, with a deep hollow roar, like that of an angry sea, but infinitely more terrible. As it came near enough for them to feel the heat, they grew frantic. And when at length it really came on to us, the struggles, screams, shrieks and groans increased to such a degree as baffles all description. It was one chaotic mass of unmitigated agony.

At length this horrible uproar became less and less violent. The red waves rolled and rolled on, at length passing far away. The fire was seen in the distance like a cloud. I was left alone amid silence and utter desolation. The people were all gone. Everything was swept from the earth. Not a human being—not a tree—not a leaf or bare stick had escaped. Everything was consumed.

Then came upon me the horrible fear of perhaps even a worse death—the slow torture of starvation. With the most terrible forebodings I sought for some refreshment, for I had already begun to be hungry. Thus several hours passed, but I found nothing. And when apparently about yielding to despair, suddenly, as if borne on a shaft of light, this thought went through my mind—Had I been brought through the fire to die for want of bread? I repelled the idea. It was a slander against the Divine strength that had delivered me. It was a libel on my own Will-power, which had thus seemed to work the greatest of miracles. I could be strong, and would deliver myself.

Pursuant to this resolution, I began my search, with every round making wider and wider circles. For three nights and two days I went on, still sustained by that almighty Resolution, though I found nothing to relieve the eye—nothing to encourage the heart—nothing—nothing!—but one wide waste of scorched and blackened earth.

Early on the morning of the third day, I spied, at a considerable distance on the hill-side, a sight that filled my soul with unspeakable joy. It was the stump of an old tree, which yet remained, though the branches were burned off close to the body. It was a fragment of life that stood like a friend in the midst of my great loneliness. I hurried toward it as toward a human being. I threw my arms around the charred trunk, and wept aloud for very joy.

When the violence of these emotions had somewhat subsided, I looked off into a valley that appeared to be about a quarter of a mile beyond, and there I could see the tops of green trees. Filled with divine joy, and doubting nothing of my complete deliverance, I hurried to the spot. With every step as I approached, I grew happier; and when I arrived there and beheld the Eden that was softly unfolded to my gaze, my bosom was pervaded by a serene peace which was at home there, bathing in the clear light, and inhaling the pure air as its native element. Beautiful shrubbery, groves of stately forest trees, rich fields of grain, clear fountains, musical streams, and flowers woven in bright parterres through the whole landscape, opened a region of endless enchantment. The grounds were not extensive, but everything was in the most perfect order. Not a dead limb, a dry leaf, a stone, or stick, appeared. All was perfect.

I walked around the place several times, with ever increasing delight and wonder. And in the near view, everything appeared still more complete; and withal I discovered some new thing at every step. I sat down under a tree, and regaled myself with the delicious fruits. I was penetrated with such an intense happiness as almost pained me. The sense of gratitude, the joy of deliverance, the present repose, the surrounding beauty, were all pressed and interpressed in my emotions.

Gradually this excitement passed into a train of deep and pleasant thought. I reflected on my situation; and the clear light of the sun, that had risen high in heaven, seemed shining into my soul. I knew then that there was a deeper meaning in all this than I could yet comprehend; but in the future I felt assured it would be made known to me.

Again this state of mind passed off; and I began once more to feel my own individuality, or the necessity of providing for my wants as a human being. And with this was unfolded the desire of companionship. The beauty, which no other sight than mine could behold, began to lose its power of attraction; the light, which reflected the luster of no loving eye, grew dim and cold; and I felt the want of something which would have made me happy with far less, but for the want of which all these blessings could not recompense me. I was yearning after intelligent companionship, the sympathy in look, speech, action, which by dividing our pleasures, continually and repeatedly multiplied them. It was surprising how soon everything grew stale, for there was no consciousness without or beyond my own, to catch any new attraction or reflect it back to mine, invested with a new life and beauty.

Oppressed with loneliness, I went out on the hill and called aloud, hoping to rouse some human being. But my voice met with no response. No living thing replied. Even Echo was silent. It would have rejoiced me to find even the humblest living creature in that profound solitude.

While walking about, I discovered a place dug in the ground. There was a well or embankment somewhat like that of a tomb, and a stone lay in an inclined direction against what seemed to be the entrance. Taking hold of it, and finding that it was moved easily, I drew it away, when underneath I discovered a door. I stood looking at it for some time, questioning with myself whether I should thus venture on the unknown. I had very strange feelings; confidence and distrust, doubt and faith, appeared weighing themselves in my

mind, while the balance was so near even, that I stood, not knowing what to do. I thought perhaps the owner of the garden was there—that the whole scene might be some lure to entrap me. But the desire to know threw the weight on the positive side of the scale, and I determined to investigate; let the result be whatever it might. Thus determining, I threw open the door, when my wonder was still increased by the new scene which was there unfolded. It was a cellar under ground, filled with family stores, and as I had witnessed before, everything was in the most beautiful and perfect order. Nice, clean barrels and other vessels were set away in the well paved alleys, and these were filled with roots and vegetables of the finest appearance. Dairy rooms, milk, cheese and butter, in short, all that a healthy appetite could desire, appeared in the details. I beheld all these things with that calm sense of satisfaction and enjoyment which is the highest expression of ownership. They all seemed put there for me, and I was glad and thankful. But now the less I did I feel the marvelousness of all that had occurred, which the last discovery fairly crowned. But still I wondered if no human being was near. It was too much to enjoy alone, and the sense of delight was strained and really ached with the unshared intensity of its emotions.

I went out under a tree, so full of thankfulness, I could not do otherwise than offer prayer and praise. The bended knee, the murmured thanks, the tearful supplication for still higher, still purer good, were but natural acts; and in their free exercise I became once more intensely happy.

But again the loneliness came over me. I rose and wandered in pursuit of that other self, that could respond to mine, and thus complete its selfhood. I called aloud again and again, and though no one came—no one answered—I began to have faith that I should yet find what I sought.

Again I sat down and listened. All was calm. All was still. But in the midst of this a strain of music floated from a distance, so delicate, so aerial—that I held my own breath lest its harshness should dissolve the sweet and fragile sound. But even while I listened, it was gone—dissipated, as if melted in its own sweetness, which still seemed to fill the air. I rose and hastened forward in the direction of the voice, for it was a human voice that I had heard. But I found nothing—saw and heard nothing. Again it was revived—it seemed to approach me. But though I shouted with all my strength, I could get no answer. Then the music ceased, and in the bitterness of my disappointment I could almost curse it, as a trick of the imagination. But once more it was renewed, clearer, nearer than before, but it seemed flitting about; and I went from one side to another to follow its changes. Finally, the words became intelligible—when, as the height and crown of all wonders, they seemed to repeat my own story. What I had experienced the unknown musician had experienced also. The struggle, the suffering, the intense trial, the great loneliness, all were responded to, fully, clearly, intelligently.

I sat down powerless; for what could a mere human being do amid such a train of marvels? The voice continued to approach me. I rose and went forward, when I met a female form in a plain and simple dress, and though of a plain countenance, yet exceedingly animated with the beauty of expression. The attraction was mutual. We were drawn to each other's arms. We embraced with a speechless joy. We read in each other's eyes the tenderest gratitude for deliverance from the misery of loneliness! We saw each other's integrity in the trusting looks that opened their soul. We felt each other's love in the throbbing hearts that spoke and answered each other, without want of words. It was an infinite union, that brought together the long severed elements, and of two immortal beings created one!

GOOD FOR FORTY TUNES.—The Shelby (Indiana) Courier says:

"Organs in the churches have become very fashionable of late. In almost every church you go into you will find one of these instruments. A friend of ours, who lives in a neighboring village, related to us yesterday an amusing incident which occurred in their church. He said, to be in fashion, they must have an organ. The congregation could not afford to pay an organist, so they got a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going, and how to stop it; but, unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and continued playing two verses more; then, just as the clergyman completed the words, 'Let us pray,' the organ again clicked and started another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find the spring, but no one could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the aisle of the church, playing away, into the church-yard, where it continued clicking and playing until the whole forty tunes were finished."

THE CARSON APPEAL says a parent may as well post a circus bill up in the nursery, and then larrip the youngsters for turning flip flaps and standing on their heads, as to publish glowing accounts of prize fights in the local columns of a paper, and then editorially condemn all who feel an interest in the combatants.

QUAKERS.—A Quaker meeting-house has been erected in San Jose, and the members of that denomination residing there are about to organize a congregation.

(COMMUNICATED.) LOVE.

In the Divine Mind, love was the controlling power that created the Universe, and endowed intelligences with the attributes of Divinity. It was the power that united spirit and matter by laws so subtle and beautiful, that they are inseparable through all worlds—all time—all space. Love in the Father is expressed in the arrangement of all things for the use and consequently for the happiness of the various intelligences that people the Univercolum of Nature. Love, then, is a governing law or principle, and was first taught as practicable among men in daily life by him who exemplified in his life God's love to man. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the keystone of the arch that spans the Universe, whose base is love. Love has redeemed the world from materialism, by opening the eyes of the spirit to see its own immortality. It is the offspring of wisdom, and the crowning glory of the spirit of man. It is spontaneous in its life, because the germ is the holiest and deepest in nature, and is the link that unites man to God. Love speaks to us from the rolling worlds, which are floating in the azure depths above our heads, each filled with intelligences tending even to the great center of soul—God. But no less do we find it expressed in the delicate flower, whose perfume is wafted to us by the gentle breeze, or in the tiny insect, whose perfect form and adaptation to its home excited our wonder and admiration. All, all is love throughout the vast realm of nature, as we see it was designed and is carried forward by the will and power of the Divine Mind for the progressive happiness of his children, and in the way that will best tend to develop the latent germs of goodness, that, like seeds buried in the earth, lie hidden deep in the consciousness of every individual being.

It was said by the Nazarene, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." And does not this mean the satisfying of the whole nature of man—his moral, affectional, aspirational, as well as his intellectual nature? And if we look deeply into our social life, shall we not find all needed aid to develop every part of our being? For surely their entire organism must be developed before we can come into the harmonious proportions of a perfectly developed human being, which is the aim of our earthly existence. Love, then, in its truest, highest sense is the embodiment of happiness, lasting as eternity, and progressive as the spirit of man.

L. KENDALL.

A GOOD TIME BUT NOT OPPORTUNE.—A gentleman visiting in the family of a worthy deacon, in a neighboring town, had been showing the children, one evening, a beautiful musical box, after which he would up and put the instrument away in his pocket. At the hour of retiring for the night, the visitor was called upon for prayer, and having got upon his knees, was in the midst of what promised to be a somewhat prolonged petition, when suddenly, in consequence of a change of position on the part of a supplicant, the musical box started gaily off with the tune "Take your time, Miss Lucy!" To say that prayer was brought to a rather abrupt termination, and that even the worthy deacon rose from his knees all but convulsed with laughter, is drawing the effect of the incident quite mildly.—California Christian Advocate.

In the winter of 1861-2, while a Massachusetts regiment was stationed on the Potomac, it happened that several of the officers, including the chaplain, were discussing of the war, and the final disposition which should be made of rebels and their property. One Yankee lieutenant was of the opinion that the farms in the South should be distributed among the officers according to rank, and that the women should be distributed in like manner—in order, as he expressed it, "that loyal men might raise up a good loyal population." As he gave his opinion in a very earnest way, the chaplain asked: "Do you think, lieutenant, that Providence would smile on such an arrangement?" "Smile?" answered the lieutenant, "it would snicker! Right out!"—Harper's Magazine.

DURING A REVIVAL at Barnstable, a minister deemed it his duty to diffuse himself about the country and induce as many of the unregenerate as possible to come to meeting. Among others, he called on an illiterate old farmer, and asked if he knew of any lost sheep of the house of Israel about there? "Well, no," was the reply, "I really don't know of any. Fact, the only sheep I do know of 'bout here, are owned by Squire Francis Bacon."

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE wants the military companies prohibited from parading the streets on Sunday, with their tantum drums, under the law against "barbarous and noisy amusements." The learned editor is of the opinion that "Yankee Doodle," executed on Sunday, is neither orthodox nor evangelical, but positively ungodly.

We have a pamphlet which says "God is not once named in the Constitution." The Constitution was framed for secular purposes, not religious. If the people have God in their hearts His spirit will be in their laws. It is not from those by whom His name is repeated ofttest that he receives the most reverence.—Boston Post.

"Do you see that fellow lounging there, doing nothing?" said Owen to Jenkins, the other day. "How does he live—by his wits?" "O, no; he's a cannibal." "A cannibal!" "Yes, a cannibal—he lives on other people."

A GENTLEMAN, walking with two ladies, stepped on a hoghead hoop, which flew up and struck him in the face. "Good gracious!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"

ACCOMMODATING.—An exchange says: "If our wife wanted to run away with another man, we would wish her God-speed, for we think too much of her to see her want for anything."

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.—A writer declares that the present system of education, "daughters are becoming elegant ciphers."

Remarkable Dream by a Buffalo Lady, and its Fulfillment.

The Oswego (N. Y.) Times, of December 15th, relates the following:

"I have recently been spending a few days in the city of Buffalo. While there, my landlady, who is a woman of high reputation for veracity, and more than forty years a resident of that city, related to me the following remarkable dream and its fulfillment. At the time referred to, she was keeping boarders, among whom was one Brown—I think that is the name. One night she dreamed she saw a steamer on fire on Lake Erie, and in the rigging she saw a man enveloped in flames. She noted his features—the color of his hair, which was dark. She then seemed to be transferred to the country, where she saw a new made grave, and saw the sexton, Furce or Pierce, bring the charred corpse of the burned man for burial. She awoke from the dream in a great state of excitement and perspiration. She immediately awoke her husband and related the dream. She was so much affected by it that she dared not go to sleep again, lest it should be repeated. The next day at noon, Brown brought a friend to dine with him, by the name of Pool, a gentleman from New York. As soon as she saw him, she recognized him as the person she saw in the dream on the burning steamer. The effect on her was shocking; still she said nothing to him or Brown. She had never seen him before, only in the dream. At eve, he did not return with his friend Brown to tea. Mrs. S. inquired where he was. Brown replied that he had taken the steamer Erie for Cleveland. She then related her dream and expressed her fears to Brown. He only laughed at her credulity, saying she was a woman of too good sense to be moved or excited by a dream. Early next morning, Brown went out, but soon returned in the wildest excitement, exclaiming, 'O, my God! the steamer Erie was burned last night! my friend Pool was burned in her!' Pierce, the sexton, with his white horse, was sent to bring the remains and give them sepulture in the cemetery, just as was seen in the dream."

THE "SOCIAL EVIL."—In the city of New York a project is on foot, or it has been adopted, by the authorities, of licensing the "social evil," so-called. In other words, the keepers of houses of ill-fame are to be licensed, as is the custom in some of the large European cities. It is an ugly subject to deal with, or in fact even to speak of at all; yet the evil has reached such a degree in New York, that it is thought advisable to take the above step, how it can be a remedy, or a preventive, is not easy to be seen, for the licensing of an evil is hardly the proper way to stop it. It may be conceived some what by police regulations, but its ravages are none the less, because license encourages rather than cures. One thing that will benefit women—those who are not closed back, and stop this increase of immorality, is, to pay them better wages for their labor.—Investigator.

THE CHRISTIAN ERA, speaking of "Boston morals," says:

"The testimonies given before the Legislative License Committee, on the liquor side of the question, clearly indicate a most sad state of things in this, our lovely city. With one voice a whole batch of Catholic priests, antiquated Protestants, and ex-moral reformers, ex-judges, ex-temperance men, ex-Christians, declare that intemperance was never so fearfully prevalent, and vice never so rampant and law-defiant. How more rum sold, and the sale back increased, than this increase of immorality, it is very hard to see; or how vice will disappear when vice is legalized and licensed, is more than we can tell."

THE ISRAELITE (Jewish) published at Cincinnati, says:

"We need no personal Messiah. What benefit could we expect of any Messiah? We do not wish to go back to Palestine, nor submit to a Jewish king. What good can we expect of a son of David? We are the children of the house; we go to no steward, need no guardian, require no mediator, and ask none to plead our cause with our Heavenly Father. We are of Israel."

MUCH has been written recently by our religious contemporaries about "modifying the truths of Christianity with a view to bring them within the range of a working-man's sympathies." This is a curious mode of dealing with a "divine truth." After nearly eighteen hundred years, it is acknowledged that Christianity, as established by Jesus, was not suited to the masses of the people, but that it requires "modifying" by the human intellect to gain the "people's" sympathies.—London National Reformer.

THE insurance companies of Boston have decided to increase the premium for insuring churches two or three hundred per cent. This action is taken because of recent heavy losses—during a few years past thirteen cities and towns, all within fourteen miles from Boston, having lost by fire thirty-six churches. Praying for churches does not seem to save them from being burned!—Boston Investigator.

MISS BUCHANAN, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

CO-OPERATION.—In New York the co-operative labor movement is progressing in several of the city trades. Twenty-five printers opened a co-operative book and job office lately. Another opens soon in Albany, to take the State printing.

THE "MANLY ART."—A professor of boxing and fencing in this city refers among others to two "Revs." in the city of Boston. They must be ministers of the "church militant."—Dramatic Chronicle.

HIS HEAD IS CLEAR.—A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered: "I can't sartin say; but it's surely better than being raised by it."

A REVEREND RASCAL.—A reverend in Hamlin, Ohio, was fined for committing an assault and battery on his wife at the breakfast-table on a Sunday morning.

HE TEASED HER.—A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross, in St. Louis. That's a lucky tease. He teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

JUST.—In China the physician who kills a patient has to support the family.

WHEN HAVE married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they reach the ba-be.

To a grateful man give more than he asked.

A Challenge to the Clergy.

To the Clergymen of the Pacific Coast:

REV. GENTLEMEN:—I hereby extend a challenge to any one of you whom your religious organization will endorse as being capable of defending your articles of faith, to meet me either in this city or in Sacramento, San Jose, Marysville, or Napa City, in oral discussion on the following questions:

1. Do the spirits of the departed possess power to return and communicate intelligently with their friends in the earth-life?

I taking the affirmative, you the negative. Discuss two days.

2. Are the teachings of Spiritualism immoral in their tendencies, as compared with the teachings of the Bible and Christianity?

You to take the affirmative and I the negative. Discuss two days.

An early reply is desired.

Yours respectfully, BENJAMIN TODD.

The following personal invitation has also been addressed:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2, 1867.

REV. MR. DWINELL:—In the Sacramento Union of recent date, I saw the report of a discourse delivered by you, in which you speak in a manner highly derogatory of Spiritualism. I herein challenge you to meet me in an oral discussion, either in Sacramento or in this city, to continue four days, upon the following questions:

1. Do the spirits of the departed possess power to return and communicate intelligently with their friends in the earth-life?

I taking the affirmative, you the negative. Discuss two days.

2. Are the teachings of Spiritualism immoral in their tendencies, as compared with the teachings of the Bible and Christianity?

You to take the affirmative, and I the negative. Discuss two days.

An early reply is desired.

Yours respectfully, BENJAMIN TODD.

We intend to keep the above in a conspicuous place, because some have imagined that the challenge had been withdrawn on account of the temporary absence of Mr. Todd on a lecturing tour in Oregon. It will not be withdrawn for any reason except illness.

M.

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

OFFICE, 522 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF PROGRESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TODD & CO."

Editorial Notes.

As the result of our labors in Portland an organization has been completed, and will be known by the name of "The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Portland." It has some forty names already attached to its Constitution, and probably, ere three months shall elapse, the number will be trebled. The friends have determined to hold regular Sunday meetings. Last Sunday was the commencement, with some six hundred in our evening congregation.

As soon as circumstances will permit, a Children's Progressive Lyceum will be formed; and then the people can have an opportunity of learning the difference between our method of teaching the young and that of the old bigoted sectarian Sunday schools.

We shall speak to the people during the Sundays of May, June, and July; after which, we shall pay a flying visit to Olympia, on Puget Sound, and then return to California, and spend the months of September, October, and November in answering calls in different parts of the State. All who wish us to visit them would confer a favor by addressing us through our office, 522 Clay street, as early as the first of August, so that, on our return to San Francisco, we can lay out our program for the fall months.

Soon after our arrival at Portland, we received the following letter from—

"SALEM, April 22, 1867.

"BENJAMIN TODD:—Dear Sir:—The undersigned, citizens of Salem and vicinity, unite in requesting you to visit this place before you leave the State; and we will do what we can to procure you a place for lecturing and an audience. We cannot promise you much for such an orthodox city as Salem, but hope it will suit your missionary purpose to call on us. We shall be pleased to hear from you by letter, as to the probabilities of your coming.

Yours truly,

"J. E. CLARK, Druggist; G. W. LAWSON, Attorney; W. H. BANCROFT; C. G. CURT, Attorney; J. H. COX, Merchant; S. A. LOBEL, Artist; J. H. COMERFORD, Editor Review; B. F. BANHAM, Attorney; A. C. JONES; HOMER SMITH, Clerk for Capital Hotel; GEORGE MALLORY.

"Dear Sir:—Many more anxiously await your arrival."

The answer was duly sent, and, in order to meet the engagement, we stepped on board the steamer at Portland on Monday morning last; and after a pleasant trip up the Willamette river, reached Salem at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We found several of the friends on the wharf, who extended to us a cordial greeting. At early candlelight we repaired to the Court-House, a large and commodious building, which had been procured for our use, and, to our utter amazement, found it crowded to overflowing. We said to ourselves, "Can it be possible that there are so many liberal minds in this city, after the long and powerful religious raid of the Rev. Earle among them?" By the way, we made a grand discovery the other day; and it was, the reason why the Christians and their clergy call us the Devil. According to orthodoxy and

John Milton, after the Devil had stripped heaven of the largest share of its inhabitants, God—feeling constantly chagrined while gazing on the vacated seats in glory, from the fact that they were so many reminders of the time when He fought with the Devil and could not conquer him—concluded that He would go to work and make this little world of ours, and, from the best of its inhabitants, select out enough to fill up those empty seats, from which the Devil had stolen the former occupants. After working a whole week, until He was very tired and went to rest, satisfied that it was all good, the Devil came round and spoiled it all. They call us the Devil, therefore, because we are following Earle, and spoil a vast amount of his work. Poor Earle! we pity him. When he returned to Portland, week before last, and found how things were going, it made him very sick; and when he undertook to give them a farewell talk, he could not do it, and requested them to excuse him. Bro. Earle is in a bad fix; he can't do anything without taking his God along with him; and if he does take Him along, there is no one left behind to watch the lambs of the flock, and the wolves get in and steal them!

The laborers in our cause in Oregon are few. Almost every mail bears to us the call for help. There are hundreds and thousands who are hungering and starving for the real bread of life. They have for years done their religious marketing at the gospel-shops, where nothing but the driest husks, fit only to feed to swine, are sold; and they have been told that they must eat them or starve. But there is no choice in the matter; for if they eat the husks they starve, as they possess no nutriment whatever. In fact, the teachings of old theology remind us very much of the course pursued by the old miser, who gave his children a penny apiece to go to bed without their supper, and then stole the pennies back as soon as they were asleep.

As usual everywhere, when the religionists of several sects join for a revival, they are having difficulty in Oregon in dividing the spoils. The Methodists furnished the house and helped Earle to run the revival machine; and all they got for their share were two deserters and two new recruits, while the other denominations raked them in by dozens. For once, the Methodists were out-generaled, and it produced a tremendous irritation. Finally, it broke last Sunday evening in fine style; for Dr. Wythe, the Methodist divine, sailed into the Baptist denomination with all the vengeance imaginable. Truly, these Christians are a happy family!

But there is one more note, two rich to be omitted. Mr. Johnson, a gentleman of African descent, and a leader in the colored Methodist church, came to hear us on Monday evening. At the close of the lecture, when inquired of as to what he thought of it, he replied: "I know that man must be a Democrat, or he would not talk about Jesus Christ as he did!"

The Suit against Dr. Bryant Withdrawn.

John W. Farmer has withdrawn his suit against Dr. J. P. Bryant, which was instituted a few months since in the Fifteenth District Court. It will be seen, from the documents printed below, that the plaintiff was induced to make complaint at the instigation and on the representations of other parties, whose malignant and mischievous disposition receives a just rebuke in this public renunciation and recantation on the part of the plaintiff. Dr. Bryant is thus relieved of all the imputations cast upon his skill as a physician of the method of laying on of hands, as well as all reflections against him as a man of honor and integrity. The effect of this result will be to deter evil-disposed persons from making similar attempts to block the progress of new ideas in the practice of healing, by such disreputable means.

JOHN W. FARMER, Plaintiff, vs. J. P. BRYANT, Defendant.—In the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

This is to certify, that I, John W. Farmer, of Vallejo, Solano County, State of California, have this day, through my attorneys, withdrawn the above entitled action, and, in justice to Dr. J. P. Bryant and myself, declare, that I was induced to bring said action by representations which I have since learned were untrue; and that said representations were made to me by a party professing great friendship for me, in whom I placed confidence.

Dated at San Francisco, California, this fourteenth day of May, 1867.

J. W. FARMER.

Witness,

R. A. ROBINSON.

JOHN W. FARMER, Plaintiff, vs. J. P. BRYANT, Defendant.—In the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

It is hereby stipulated that the above entitled action be dismissed, and the Clerk of said Court is authorized to enter the same of record.

JOHN A. BREWSTER,

PORTER & HOLLADAY,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

When clergymen throw dirt at mediums and Spiritualist lecturers, calling them "impure and drunken women," and using other language of like import in regard to them, it would be well to inquire what possible use a minister of the gospel can have for a certain obscene sheet printed in this city, ungrudgingly paying his "one bit per week" at a street book-stand, for the privilege of its perusal in the sanctuary of his own study.

THE EDDY FAMILY, mediums, were recently arrested and prosecuted for "jugglery," in Buffalo, New York; but when their counsel proposed to put in evidence in their behalf their powers as mediums by a public exhibition in Court, the prosecution very discreetly withdrew all charges of jugglery and abandoned the case!

TOTAL RESULT OF EARLE'S REVIVAL IN PORTLAND.—Five sprinkled, five poured, and one immersed by the M. E. Church, and thirty-four added to the Congregationalists. Remaining unrevived in that city, about ten thousand.

A Comparison.

Spiritualism is progressing rapidly among the aristocratic class in England. The example of royalty is contagious; and since Queen Victoria boldly held communication with her deceased husband, and openly followed advice thus obtained, the lords of the realm have not been ashamed to investigate the subject, or to be seen in the act of doing so. The same thing is now taking place also in Russia. The Emperor and his household patronize and protect the Davenport boys, and pressingly write D. D. Hume to come to St. Petersburg. So that it will not be long before the mass of the people, seeing their rulers going in this direction, will shake off their superstitious fears and take hold on the old but newly declared faith with enthusiasm. In America, it is the aristocracy of wealth and position who are our bitterest opponents; and it is interesting to make this comparison between the progress of Spiritualism in Europe and in our own country—a comparison not favorable to the so-called educated and intelligent classes in the latter. Here, the development of these great truths commenced in the lower strata of society; in Europe, it is just the reverse. We suspect the reason of this is to be found in the different social and political arrangements of the two countries. Here, all political power originates with the masses, and all reforms or new ideas must work upward from them in the same manner. At any rate, this has ever been the case hitherto. But in the Old World, the upper strata govern both politically and socially, and it is from the classes composing them that all examples are taken in social, religious, and political reform. We shall therefore observe the leaven of Spiritualism working downward through the masses in European countries, as we have witnessed its development upward in the United States. Every wave of the advancing tide of progress has absorbed and included one after another of the classes in our country who have stood out against us, until now even the orthodox churches are beginning to lose individual members, who can no longer adhere to them against their own convictions. Even the religious literature of the country has become tainted with our ideas, and the preachers also give vent to the same, without precisely knowing what they say, or why they say it. Examine any eloquent oration over the remains of the dead, any fervent appeal for benevolence, in these days, and you may easily perceive in them the traces of our doctrines, in almost the same language we ourselves use to convey our meaning in regard to them. These are hopeful signs, and they should lead us to take courage and acquire strength of purpose therefrom, to speak and act boldly and without fear for our glorious faith.

A RICH ITEM.—The New York Christian Advocate, in recording a "revival," adds in italics, as the choicest item in the paragraph:

"Bro. Hinkle has powerfully touched the consciences of callous sinners and doubled the list of subscribers to our excellent paper."

The above reminds us of a little circumstance that occurred some years ago in Michigan. There was a man living in the town of C—, who was very wealthy, and was also addicted to the use of ardent spirits more than was good for him. Very frequently he would call on those to whom he was a stranger, to make his language more forcible. The Methodist church had for some time looked with a longing, not to say covetous eye upon his broad acres, and thought, undoubtedly, how much benefit he might be to them if they could only make a Methodist of him. At last, during an exciting revival, they got hold of him with their grappling-irons, and made him over, as they said; and the way they bled him financially was not "slow." But, for some reason or other, their new-made Christian began to backslide. He took to his drops again, and slyly to profanity, but no one made a move to have him turned out. When the Presidential campaign came on, he bet heavily on the election, and they were under the necessity of throwing him overboard; and when the work was done, the Presiding Elder remarked, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, well! Brother R. was a good brother after all, if he did bet on election; for he has helped us a great deal!"

ANOTHER CLERICAL MAWORM IN THE FIELD.—It seems that the signal failure of Rev. Mr. Dwinell of Sacramento to annihilate the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism has not deterred the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth of this city from running a tilt at both, nor from slandering our mediums and believers. And this in the face of the fact that there is a standing challenge to him and others of the same order of thinking and speaking, either to public discussion or public sittings for investigation, which none of them dare accept. Why is it that no clergyman is seen at the seances of Mrs. Foye, to counteract the alleged imposture with his superior intelligence and power of discovering deception? Because these gentlemen prefer to stand behind the fortification of the "sacred" desk (!), and hurl their anathemas at our heads and at our faith, feeling secure from retaliatory measures in the superstitious reverence of their people for the "sacred" office. But even this will not save them from the "inexorable logic" of facts. We shall continue to throw these in their faces, whenever we see a head or hand elevated to strike a blow at our well-grounded convictions, regardless of the filthy expletives that Rev. divines may choose to make use of to render us and our belief odious. The effects of such conduct on their part will only recoil upon themselves.

REV. DR. WADSWORTH has furnished that eminently pious paper, the Dramatic Chronicle, with a copy of a sermon containing derogatory flings at Spiritualism and its adherents. As quoted by the Chronicle, this Dr. of Divinity exhibits anything but the charitable spirit of his great Master, whose cause he pretends to serve. This holy Pharisee had better read a few chapters in the Testament, recounting spirit manifestations in Jesus' time, and tell us then what he is going to do about them. Perhaps he would like to abolish those facts also with a single stroke of his pious pen?

MRS. FOYE'S PUBLIC SEANCE will take place as usual next Monday evening, at Mechanics' Institute Hall, Post street, near Kearny, commencing at 8 o'clock.

What Constitutes Human Felicity.

We print the following specious specimen of false philosophy, remarking that it is an average of all we obtain now-a-days from the pulpit in regard to "the whole duty of man." No species of optimism can be worse than this:

"TRUE FELICITY.—The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties toward God and man, to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient—for he that is so, wants nothing."

A close analysis of each proposition in the above quotation shows the absurdity of embodying in axioms any rules which the mass of mankind feel and know to be impracticable. Take the first, for instance; which commends a dead calm as the most favorable condition for "true felicity." As though a state of total inaction, or "freedom from perturbations," could result in anything but inaction and imbecility! On the contrary, it is self-evident that action and reaction, and frequent "perturbations," preserve the sea of life from stagnation and putridity. As to the possibility of ever coming to a thorough understanding of "our duties toward God and man," except as circumstances control our action, we are as much in the dark as any one can be, and don't think "any other man" can enlighten us on the point. What a state of "anxious dependence" is we do not know, but rather think the logical sequence of a feeling of dependence, whether on the future or anything else, is a freedom from all anxiety. There is not much amusement in the usual effects of fear, we judge; and as to hope, we do not know what life would be without it; for "while there's life there's hope." Hope may afford amusement, but it also gives strength, encouragement, vitality to all effort. On the whole, we have concluded not to give up all hope, manage the above advice. "Rest and be satisfied." If we should adopt this course, we might die for want of exercise! How can we be "satisfied" with "what we have," if we happen to have nothing? Can we live on air, like the chameleon? Can the absence of all the necessities of life, in the case of the very poor, be considered as constituting that "abundant sufficiency," with which they should "rest satisfied"? It may be true that he who "rests satisfied," "wants nothing," or that he who "wants nothing," "rests satisfied"; but we are at a loss to know where to find that man, or woman, or child, who "wants nothing." In truth, so long as mankind continue to be progressive beings, subject to constantly unfolding desires and necessities, we shall never see that individual who will "want nothing," or "rest satisfied" with it, either.

We have been thus particular in exposing the fallacious and absurd philosophy of the above extract, in order to show what sort of ethics the religious teachers of the day are constantly dining in the ears of their sleepy hearers; the only legitimate effect of which must be to paralyze all effort, and discourage all ambition to be or do anything for one's self or for humanity. It would, however, bring about what is represented by those teachers as constituting the heaven of the just; namely, a beatific state, in which there is nothing to be done but sing psalms and repeat prayers for ever and ever. When the time for that arrives, in our opinion, the human race will meet with utter annihilation; for nothing can be nearer nothing than that which is able to do nothing.

Definition of God.

At Mrs. Foye's seance on Monday evening last, one of the committee—a college-bred man, by the way—asked for some sort of definition of God. We would like to hear any and every graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, or of the Georgetown Jesuits' College, or of any other school or university, making the attempt at such a definition. Our reason tells us that whatever may be defined possesses outlines, or bounds; and this cannot be the case with an Infinite Being, for the very word *infinite* signifies "without end." We may therefore with propriety say that God is indefinite, as well as infinite. If He were definite, He could be comprehended by a finite mind; but we know that this is not the case. If it were, we should be equal with God. The moment He can be defined, it will be seen that He has an end, and that there is consequently an end to all His attributes of omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence. One might as well try to define the bounds of space, as to attempt to define the God who fills all space; and it is self-evident that such an effort would result in taking the reasoner outside of Creation—that is, *nowhere*. Creation is *boundless*, and the Creator must of necessity be so too, and therefore can never be defined.

We hope that those egotistic collegians, who may hereafter be placed upon committees at spiritual seances, will have studied their classics before coming to the meeting, and have become better posted in their Plato and their Socrates, so that they may not cut so ridiculous a figure before an intelligent audience of Spiritualists and others.

THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS PAMPERED AND ITS SHAME IGNORED.—Two meetings were held in the city of St. Louis on April 1st, for the purpose of raising subscriptions for two widely different objects. One was for the purpose of rebuilding the Lindall Hotel, recently destroyed by fire, and the other to aid the Western Female Guardian Society in their efforts to establish a Refuge for Fallen Women. The Hotel meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Elliot, minister of the Gospel, who subscribed five thousand dollars to assist in rebuilding the luxurious home for the rich; while the other was eloquently and feelingly addressed by Emma Hardinge, who has devoted six of the best years of her life to such efforts. The result was, that the Hotel subscription reached the enormous sum of two hundred and seventy thousand dollars, in a few days, while the sum total raised in the same time for the benevolent object was three hundred dollars. If the Rev. Dr. Elliot should ever meet Jesus of Nazareth and Mary Magdalen in the spirit world, what could he say for himself? Is not his place among the hypocrites, against whom the darkest doom has been pronounced by the Master whom he so basely betrays? We envy him not the long years of remorse of conscience that are inevitably his.

"Deep Thinkers."

We commend the following sententious declarations of Ralph Waldo Emerson, recently delivered at one of his conversational lectures in St. Louis, to the consideration of the "deep thinker" of the *Californian*, hoping he will find food for thoughtful reflection in them, which may cause him to be more modest in future, in uttering his wholesale denunciations of Spiritualism.

"There are really few thoughts. If we consider the sayings of Bacon, of Coleridge, men whom we are accustomed to regard as great thinkers, we find, on careful study, that they have added scarcely one really new thought to the previous stock of the world. When we get out under the midnight sky, it seems to us that the stars are numberless, but if one deliberately makes the effort, he will find them easily counted—a thousand or two only."

"A like poverty stars the mind. Considering any period celebrated for its intellectual brilliancy, we shall find but few really new ideas. Even in this period it is so. Theories are few; intellectual moods are rare. It is as with the heavens again. At the Cambridge Observatory there is scarcely one night in the month favorable to observations, and Herschel says that in England there are not more than one hundred hours in a year, the climate of England being less favorable. So we have few days and more hours which are really favorable to mental occupation. It is not an absence of outward disturbance that is necessary. Such guards are good, but they are not all. We cannot go straight toward our great problem for its solution. We slide toward it, and fortunately, too; for if we could speak the deliberately makes the effort, he will find them easily counted—a thousand or two only."

When the *Californian* critic again undertakes, as he lately did, to go straight to a solution of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, without even an approximation to an acquaintance with either, he will do well to remember, that a thorough solution of questions of such transcendence importance would solve such "thinkers" as himself into nonentity. So says Emerson, and so say we.

The Theological Hell.

The *London Athenaeum* quotes from the work recently published by the Rev. J. Furness, intended "for children and young people, who are often lost for want of being early smitten with terror," in a synopsis of the Rev. gentleman's characterization of hell, as follows:

"The music of Hell is not that of the spheres, but made up of shrieks that never subside, and unparalyzing, from the condemned, who roar like lions, hiss like serpents, howl like dogs, and snarl like dragons. There is a rushing thunder as of catapaults of water, but little children are reminded that there is no water in Satan's fiery kingdom. What sounds like the fall thereof are the torrents of scalding tears falling without any cessation from millions of millions of eyes! The young, too, are further sickened by the assurance that if a body could for a moment go from Hell and be laid upon the earth, the stench would be so overwhelming that everything would wither and die. As for the subject of judgment, these little ones are told that their offending souls will be dragged in chains before Satan's judgment-seat, that he is their judge, and a judge without mercy! 'How will your body be,' asks the Reverend gentleman, 'after the Devil has been striking it a hundred million of years without stopping?' Again he says, 'The vain will have to wear of England, and dresses of the hottest fire of Hell, which burns everything forever!'"

Beautiful reading for the young innocents, truly! It is not much worse, though, than what can be found any day in the orthodox tracts, distributed broadcast among families by "City Missionaries."

THE *Pacific Christian Advocate*, published at Portland, has the hardihood to print the following paragraph:

"It is said Rev. Geo. T. Williams of Virginia, who was arrested for picking a lady's pocket, has become hopelessly insane. The evidence of his innocence is complete."

On the contrary, the Judge, in passing sentence upon the holy culprit, dwelt at some length upon the fact that, in his case, there were no extenuating circumstances—not even that of want. He was caught in the act.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—A month before Ward was killed, in Kern county, he dreamed that he and another person were standing together, when a woman threw down a snake between them, and told them to pick it up or it would bite them. They ran, but the snake bit Ward near the left breast. The impression was so vivid that he related his dream to several persons. The first words spoken by Ward when he recovered from his fainting fit after the shot, were, pointing to the wound, "Just where the snake bit me!" Explain it, if you can, on any other hypothesis than that of spirit impression, which will explain all similar cases without leaving room for doubt on the subject.

SPIRITUALISTS.—The Spiritualists are very numerous in Eastern Massachusetts; more so than is generally supposed—and it is predicted that they will soon become a distinct and recognized religious denomination.—*Exchange*.

Such a consummation can never take place, for the reason that Spiritualists will never organize for the purpose of being "recognized" as a "distinct religious denomination." Organization takes place with us simply as a matter of business convenience, and not for the purpose of establishing a "religious" body.

CATCHING AT STRAWS.—We observe that the orthodox have seized upon the ridiculously illogical and incoherent tirade of the *Californian*, which we reviewed two weeks since, and issued it in pamphlet form for gratuitous circulation, hoping thereby to deter their dupes from an investigation of the facts of Spiritualism. But, as such a course will have just the contrary effect to that intended, we are glad of it. It will bring the question prominently before the people, and that is what every lover of truth desires.

A RARA AVIS.—AN UNAMBITIOUS POLITICIAN.—Says the editor of the *Napa Register*: "Our correspondent 'B.' will have it that we ought to be State Printer. To this, we say nay. We never held an office, and never mean to hold one, being 'content with the dignity whereunto we were born.' The *Register* office is office enough for us; and if we can but succeed in the few years that may be left us, in making our paper worthy of the place where it is published, and of the acceptance of good men, the cup of our ambition will be filled to the brim."

"HELL UPON EARTH" is the title of a piece played at Chadwick's Varieties, Chicago, all last week.—*Exchange*.

People need not go to the theater to see hell upon earth. They can have it in earnest, or "play" it, themselves, within their own doors.

HEAVY ON THE REFORMER.—At one of Brother Earle's revival meetings, in this city, a gentleman rose and expressed his sorrow that instead of preparing for the future state, thoughtless men and women employ themselves in the "pursuit of filthy laughter."—*Daily American Flag*.

REV. JABEZ S. SWAN, of New London, the well known revivalist, has become deranged.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?
(COMMUNICATED.)
NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

There can be no sort of doubt but that very many of the mistakes that occur in chronology, as well as in history, have resulted not so much from an innate desire to falsify and mislead, as through ignorance of the language translated within the last few hundred years, and the difficulty found in getting at the meaning of symbol or picture-writing, such as belonged to the ancients of various countries, and even to a comparatively late period in Mexico, and among tribes of American Indians. It was solely by means of symbol language, or picture-writing, that the ancients preserved their records and transmitted their religious ideas to their descendants through thousands of years, much of which is yet to be seen on temples and monuments hoary with age, enabling us to shake hands with the far past and long buried inhabitants, who, like us, lived out their allotted time, and fulfilled their mortal destiny with little or no knowledge of what should come after their departure to the islands of Deity; the Moon was His spouse, and the starry hosts represented the lesser gods. The method of writing the word *sun* consisted in drawing a circle, or half circle, with rays darting downwards; the earth was represented by rays darting upward; the moon by a crescent, as we see it in our almanacs. God was also represented by a flame, and a pillar erect, from which symbol came our letter I. The serpent was one of the most remarkable symbols; with his tail in his mouth, he represented eternity, the planetary orbits, the line of perfection or beauty; twined around the dial of time, he symbolized time enfolded in eternity; gliding rapidly along without the limbs necessary to other animals, he symbolized the self-propelling power of Deity; his tenacity of life was the emblem of health, etc. Thus Esculapius, the father of medicine, appears in the heavens as the serpent-bearer. The numberless scales of the serpent represent the starry hosts, and his shrewdness makes him a symbol of wisdom ('Be ye wise as serpents'); while his speech, namely, a hiss, is the same as the voice of God. Thus Moses lifts him up in the wilderness because of his vitality, and Jesus appeals to him as an emblem of wisdom. We find that the Egyptians adopted the onion (giving it the precise name we know that vegetable by to-day) as emblematic of the universe in its orbicular movements through space, of which it seems clear that they possessed some considerable knowledge. They said, and truly too, if the outer coat is removed there remains the onion still; keep on removing layer after layer, and yet there the onion is found complete, though diminished in size. They called it "On-I-On—the being, the Almighty, the being." The Hindoo sacred books, four in number, termed Vedas, allegorically represented the figure of Deity with a head of fire, and the sun and moon are his eyes. Homer, the Vedas, the laws of Mann, and the Old Testament make frequent mention of fire-worship. "The Sepharvites burned their children in fire to Andromelech and Ananias, the gods of Sepharvaim." "Sun-worship was the first, the earliest form known to the Egyptians; it was the primitive national religion, having Ra, the name of the sun, for God. 'Ra is the real king of the gods.' We have in the Bible the names of Azan-Iah, Iaaan-Iah, written *izani-ah* in Hebrew. We have Zion, Ezion-geber, Aion, the father of Iason (Jason), the Sun. We find Zan Jupiter; Zanoah (Noah), a Hebrew proper name, and Chozanin, a compound of Kur, the Sun (Kurios, 'Lord,' the river Kur, Curus-Cyrus), and Azin (Asan), the Sun. Dorsanes is a compound of Adar (Thor), the fire and thunder god, the Assyrian Mars, and Sun, the Sun-god's name. Zan Asana would then be the Sun and his goddess (Danae), Apollo and Minerva. Asana, the Laconian name of Athena (Athens), is the city of the Sun (San, Atten, Adonis) and his goddess of light." In Florida the first-born male infant was offered up to the Sun, in honor of him or of the rulers of the people as "sons of the Sun." Human offerings were made to the Sun even in this century. The great chief of the Natchez Indians and their affiliated tribes worshipped the Sun, to whom they erected temples and performed sacrifices. They maintained a perpetual fire, and the chiefs claimed the Sun as their father. The Hurons also derive the descent of their chiefs from the Sun. Every morning, after the Sun appears, the great chief goes to the door of his hut, turns toward the east, and chants thrice, prostrating himself to the earth. The Peruvians offered to the Sun the blood and heart of animals; the rest they burned in the sacred fire. In Mexico, Yucatan, and Nicaragua, human victims were slaughtered, and the heart held up to the Sun by the officiating priest. They offered only the blood and the heart to the Sun. "And Moses took the blood, and put it upon the horns of the altar round about with his finger, and purified the altar, and poured the blood at the bottom of the altar, and sanctified it to make reconciliation upon it. And Moses sprinkled blood upon the altar round about. And Moses took of the blood of it (the ram), and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot. And he brought Aaron's sons, and Moses put of the blood upon the tip of their right ear, and upon the thumbs of their right hand, and upon the great toes of their right feet, and Moses sprinkled the blood upon the altar round about." "Moreover, ye shall eat of the blood, whether of fowl or beast. Whatsoever shall eateth any manner of blood, even that soul shall be cut off from his people. It shall be a perpetual statute throughout all your dwellings, that ye eat neither fat nor blood. All fat is the Lord's. For the life of the flesh is the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your soul. For it is the life of all flesh, the blood of it is for the life thereof." "If ye walk in my statutes and keep my commandments and do them; then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit." By the inhabitants of Egypt all persons suffering with leprosy were looked upon as displeasing in the sight of the Sun-god. In the reign of Boethoris, king of Egypt, the Jewish people were afflicted with leprosy, and many of them took shelter in the temples and there begged for food, and it occurred that vast numbers of them were smitten, inasmuch that it produced a famine. The king sent persons to inquire of the oracle of Ammon respecting the calamity; and the god directed him to cleanse the temples of all polluted and impious men, and cast them out into the desert, but to drown those with the leprosy and scurvy, inasmuch as they were displeasing to the Sun; then to purify the temples, and the land would recover its fertility.

J. D. PIERSON.

A SUPERSTITIOUS ABUSE OF WEALTH.—Don Jose Baptista, Baillo de la Mancha, a wealthy Spaniard, has just left the necessary funds for saying fourteen thousand masses, ten thousand of which are for his ancestors, two thousand for himself, and as many for the repose of souls in purgatory generally.

IMMORTALITY.
(COMMUNICATED.)
NUMBER THREE.

If we take the writings of the Old Testament as an index to the ideas entertained by the ancient Hebrews of the soul and its conditions after death, we find them to be very vague and indefinite. They were of a most gloomy character; no bright hopes of future bliss buoyed up the Hebrew as he grew weary and faint in the battle of life; death was looked forward to as a relief from his toils, when he would descend into Sheol, and be forever at rest. Thus Job complainingly says: "Why died I not from the womb? * * For now should I have lain still, and been quiet; I should have slept; there had I been at rest. * * There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest." And when the Witch of Endor called up the shade of Samuel, he complained, like one awakened from sleep before he has been duly refreshed: "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" and proceeded to denounce Saul, and prophesy evil in an impatient and vindictive manner, as if to punish Saul for thus disturbing him.

Herder says of the Hebrews: "The sad and mournful images of their ghostly realm disturbed them, and were too much for their self-possession." Respecting these images he added: "Their voluntary force and energy were destroyed. They were feeble as a shade, without distinction of members, as a nerveless breath. They wandered and flitted in the dark ether world." And Mr. Alger says: "They believed in the existence of human ghosts amidst unbroken gloom and stillness in the cavernous depths of the earth, without reward, without punishment, without employment, scarcely with consciousness." It was not till they had mingled more with the Gentile world, and imbibed some of the ideas of the Persians and Chaldeans, that a scintillation of a future better state of being found its way into their gloomy creed. One solitary passage is found in Daniel 12: 2d v.: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." It can be shown from evidence in the book that the greater part of it was not written till one hundred and sixty years before the Christian era; part being written in Hebrew, the rest in Chaldaic. Their ideas continued to attain a brighter aspect till the Christian idea of immortality found birth among them. Then Christ descended into Sheol, or Hades, and liberated the "spirits in prison," by giving them the hope of life through the resurrection of a spiritual body, without which they must have remained shades in the under-world. Upon this depends the hope of the Christian: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Now, what are the evidences on which they rest their faith in Christ, and their hope of a resurrection? The second-hand evidence of St. Paul, who tells us that Christ, after his resurrection, was seen by five hundred at once; but we know nothing of the five hundred; it is simply Paul's say-so, after all. According to the author of the book of Acts, Paul had a vision in which he conversed with Jesus; but as Paul was not acquainted with Jesus before his death, how could he identify him afterwards? We do not know anything of those who wrote "according to" Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The authenticated testimony of eye-witnesses is wanting entirely. As it is, according to the account given, his identity was exceedingly hard to prove. Two of his most intimate friends, who were in his company, traveling and conversing with him on the subject that lay nearest their hearts—his death and the report of the women that a vision of angels had informed them that Jesus had risen from the grave—while their hearts burned within them, and with eager eye they listened to each word as it fell from his lips, unconscious of the passing hours till night approached, and they extended the rites of hospitality to him, all the while did not recognize their former master and friend, till he broke the bread and vanished out of sight, like all the well-bred ghosts of standard story-books. On the fishing excursion, in which the resurrected Jesus joined, John seems to have been the only one who recognized the Lord. Mary mistook him for the gardener; and Thomas would not believe without the evidence of his senses. If it was so difficult a matter to identify the risen Christ with the crucified Jesus, when the manifestations of his presence were of such an extraordinary character, there surely must be some excuse for the difficulty in identifying the spirits who manifest themselves in the "spirit circles" of modern times.

A review of the Scriptural proofs for the immortality of the soul would not be complete without a brief notice of the translations of Enoch and Elijah. The proxy understandings of those who believe Enoch to have been made immortal without undergoing the usual process of death, have taken a very simple poetic description of death in a somewhat too literal sense. Solomon has one like it: "The spirit shall return to God who gave it." That of Elijah is more circumstantial. He and Elisha were walking together, plotting, no doubt, the destruction of the religion of the Sun, when, across the plain, a flaming chariot, drawn by fiery steeds, came rushing past and parted the master and the scholar; then followed a whirlwind in which Elijah ascended into heaven, and dropped his mantle to Elisha, who, being excited at seeing so extraordinary a circumstance, gave a burrah! and shouted: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Then tearing his own clothes in two—perhaps they were the worse for wear—he picked up Elijah's garment, which had peculiar magical properties, and after saying "Hocous-pocus," etc., he smote the waters, and "they parted hither and thither, and Elisha went over." Such, at least, is the substance of the story Elijah is reported to have told. He was believed, of course; but his creditors were strangely suspicious of the Divine care of the charioteers, and requested Elisha to allow a company to go in search for him, "lest," said they, "the spirit of the Lord hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley;" but of course he was not found; he had been too well taken care of. In this unbelieving age, did any one tell such a story, his evidence would make him a candidate for either the gallows or an insane asylum. Upon such stories rest Biblical proofs for immortality; the orthodox Sunday-school sings:

"Where is now the prophet Elijah?
Safe in the promised land."

And seriously, in all sincerity, we are expected to believe these fables. Pshaw! J. W. MACKIE.

ERRATUM.—In the article number one of "Spiritualism the Religion of Nature," in our last issue, occurs a misquotation in the line, "The water must become the builder too."

The reader will please make the correction, and excuse the blunder.

God cures, while the physician takes the pay.

SPIRITUALISM THE RELIGION OF NATURE.
(COMMUNICATED.)
NUMBER TWO.

Admitting that true religion consists of natural Spiritualism, it divides itself into two distinct branches, like every natural science, and every field of human effort and achievement. One is to discover new truths and principles not known before; the other is to utilize such as are known by a more general diffusion among the people at large. While the former may well be left to individual effort and incidental achievement, the latter affords a broad field for sagacious foresight, persevering energy, and the judicious application of means to a given end. Since the days of Adam Smith the country has been flooded with treatises on Political Economy. Is not the field at the present time as clear for some master mind to write the science of Religious Economy as were the chaotic elements of that science previous to Smith's successful efforts to reduce them to order? As the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, so it is the legitimate means of diffusing religious knowledge and culture, and will be so far successful as it is untrammelled by a superstition which confines it within certain channels. The emotions undoubtedly have an important part to play in religious culture and development, but thought and reason should always be superior.

The miners of Montana prefer California-made machinery for crushing gold-bearing quartz, and separating the ore, to that manufactured on the east side of the mountains; and that, notwithstanding the cost of freight is three times as much from San Francisco. We have not more skillful machinists or greater facilities for manufacturing heavy machinery; but the reason plainly is, that Californians have directed attention longer to the subject, have experimented more, and longer made practical efforts to improve such machinery. Now, as religion is as much subservient to natural laws, truths, principles, and forces, as metallurgy, it is equally certain that the people who devote most earnest, practical attention to the subject will, other things being equal, arrive at most practical truth in the matter.

But how shall thought be agitated? How shall public attention be awakened and directed to the subject, with such practical earnestness as to free itself from the trammels of authority and superstition, which blast its fruit while yet in the blossom? Alison, in his "History of Europe," says: "Whatever ministers to the physical necessities or pleasures of the people is easily rendered self-supporting, but it is otherwise with what tends to their moral improvement or social elevation. These can never be safely left to private support, for this plain reason, that a large portion of society, and that the very one that most stands in need of them, is wholly insensible to their value, and will pay nothing for their furtherance."

Taking this passage in its broad spirit, without descending to hypercriticism, it seems to contain a great truth—that for those who are blessed with a superabundance of wealth, it is a commendable object of philanthropic bounty to provide means to promote religious culture among the people. To say that such means would only foster personal ambition, or promote individual aggrandizement, is simply to distrust the honesty or capacity of such representatives of any association as they were able to select from their number. Neither can it be said, with any show of reason, that such means would be perverted to propagating a particular creed, as Spiritualists have ever opposed formulating a system of doctrines to be taught or assented to by religious associates. While the followers of Moses can have their temple, costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the (pretended) followers of Jesus worship in nearly as costly temples, and even Josh is comfortably housed, Spiritualism has not where to exhibit its elevating truths. So long as we are true to the cardinal principle of progression, that inspiration and investigation should be as free in the future as the present, there is no danger that agitation and effort will result in such fossilization as will obstruct the free course of truth.

Is it too much to say that nine-tenths of mankind, living in a state of civilized society, reach their religious growth and convictions, not by a sound and independent exercise of their reasoning faculties, but by impressions received at second-hand from others? How much the other tenth are indebted to books and conversation for their clear views, and how great a proportion are, in the present mental development, capable of discriminating between sound and unsound religious ideas, I will not here record an opinion of. Certain it is, that people are not as well qualified to reason and judge on religious subjects, as on political and practical matters, simply because they do not devote as much earnest, interested attention to them.

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Early in the morning, before seven o'clock, we have observed many young, industrious and pure-minded girls hurrying along the street, and stopping in the various cloak-stores, millineries, book-binders, sewing-machine depositories and other locations of female industry. Some of them are very beautiful, and all must be good girls, else they would not be working so industriously. Some of them are alone in the world, and are thus keeping themselves loftily above the contagious atmosphere of vice; others labor for the assistance of their parents, and others, who are married, to help along a luckless husband who has measurably failed in the struggle for fortune, or for the maintenance and education of some little one who, in the mother's fervid imagination, may become President of the United States, or sit in quietly enthroned in the halls of Beauty and Fashion. Among the others, who have often seen two very young ones coming from the industrial quarter of the town, having the appearance of sisters, and always together, like two lilies in a solitude, and scarcely less pure and beautiful.

In the evening, they are seen trudging homeward; not tripping quite so lightly and lithely as in the morning, but still with the pleasant consciousness of "something accomplished, something done." But, notwithstanding the vigor of youth, they are tired—very tired. Toward night, the treadle of the sewing-machine has worked heavily; the hand-needle has moved slower; the book-leaves have folded more reluctantly, and the foundry-types have begun to abrade their delicate fingers more and more, as the shadows of slant across the way. In this brief chronology of their young lives, there have been an instant when heroic virtue momentarily faltered in her resolution, it was when the delicate foot bore wearily on the flag-stone, and when the weakening sunlight lingered to tip the chimney-tops, or gild the crests of the distant mountains.

Hence, we have thought that, while the young workingmen of San Francisco are for themselves inaugurating the Eight-hour reform, they should use their influence to procure the application of the rule in those establishments of industry where girls are employed. It is true, that in comparison with Eastern cities there are not very many workingwomen here; but if there were not half a dozen, the principle of justice and humanity would be all the same. Fully persuaded that the subject will receive proper attention, it is respectfully left for their consideration.—Daily American Flag.

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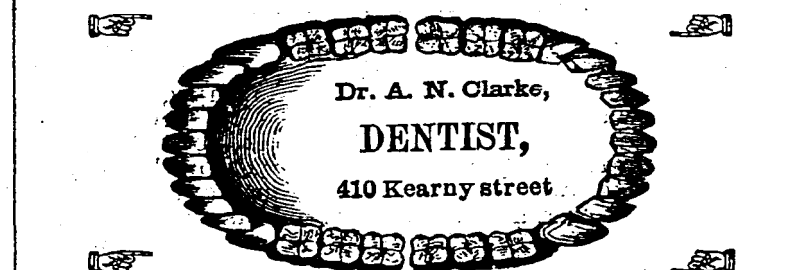
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